

# The Heart of Night Wind

By Vingie E. Roe  
Illustrations by Ray Walters

## A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST

### SYNOPSIS.

Silts of Daily's lumber camp direct a stranger in the camp. Walter Sandry introduces himself to John Daily, foreman of the Dillingworth Lumber Co., or most of it. He makes acquaintance with the camp and the work he has come from the East to superintend and make successful.

### CHAPTER III—Continued.

Out of the near gloom, which was lighting a bit with dawn, the log trail rose, an aggressive snake-like trough climbing unaccompanied at an angle of 35 degrees, its center a straight pine log sunk to its surface, which was polished like ivory, its slightly curving sides the same. How many tapering trunks had gone into its two miles would be hard to say, for in some places they had sunk and been covered—in the dip, over the ridge where the real mountain began, at the turn where it wound around the Shoulder.

Before ten minutes Sandry was breathing heavily, though he said nothing and kept close at Daily's heels. The logger strode forward and upward with an easy, climbing lift that rippled every muscle in his loose body, while the man from the cities strained and heaved in painful labor, slipping on the wet earth, floundering in the rotten bark and brush that lined the way. They climbed beside the trail, not in it. Ahead of them the gang of men had long since disappeared from sight and hearing.

The forenoon that followed was the opening page in a new chapter of his life, and Sandry bent all his faculties to a grasp of outlines.

He stood silently watching the work go forward. They had reached the cutting. Here, in a wide dip high above the world, it seemed to the Easterner was a huge circle of activity. Close beside the built trail a second donkey engine fussed and screamed, reaching out unceasingly on all sides for the great logs, to haul them in with screech of spool and strain of cable and turn them over to the mysterious steel rope that came constantly crawling back on its traveling line. This was called the "yarding engine"—the one at the foot of the trail beside the railway and the track being known as the "roader."

The monotonous song of the cross-cut saws had begun where the buckers were converting several hundred and fifty-foot trunks into handling sections.

A little below, two foot-wide planks some five or six feet long had been set into a neat yellow pine about eight feet from the ground, one on either side, and on these two men were standing, their flannel shirts open at the throat, their sleeves rolled up from arms of steel and leather, their heads bare. Sandry watched the bending of their backs, every muscle outlined under the clinging shirts, the play of their knees, the whole easy rippling of their entire bodies with the regular give and take of the long saw. The boards, known as springboards, roared and dipped with the even motion.

These men were fallers, and presently they would lay the towering monarch of the great woods to the fraction of an inch in a given place, ready for the buckers, the hook-tender and the cable.

In the meantime the logs already down were swiftly stripped of their limbs, cut into thirty and forty foot lengths, rolled into the trail with peavey and cant hook and sent up and over the ridge to the accompaniment of shrill toots from the whistle-bob's restler cord, the straining of rigging and the squeak of fiber on polished fiber.

The built trail ended here in the shallow hollow between the first ridge and the great mountain beyond though up the face of the latter it was prolonged by a cleared path sharply defined among the dense growth of the timber.

He was impressed by the magnitude of the country. On every hand the lifting hills were clothed in trees, close packed and of such girth and height as to seem almost grotesquely impossible. Humility was dwarfed to insignificance, like an ant crawling on a cathedral column.

Sandry looked around. Up to this distance the woods were dotted with cuttings where the great stumps glowed white amid the vivid green and the debris of slashings and trimmings which combined with the fern and hazel brush and other undergrowth to make a perfect tangle. But beyond, where the new-cut trail was

nature, dense and untouched, waiting for the hand of pygmy man to come and take her lavish treasures.

By nine o'clock the sun was shining above the peaks and the fog had vanished from the valleys and although it was late fall there was no feeling of the death of the year. On the contrary, there was a sense of bustle and hurry and work beginning with the advent of the rains. The tide-water slough was bank-full and mud-brown with thick grass and water growths along its edges. The stranger unconsciously drew great breaths of the sweet air of the high hills and began to feel dimly something of their charm.

John Daily was everywhere, looking at this, lending a hand at that, shouting some good-natured instruction here and there, overseeing with an eagle eye each minute detail of the work.

One of the new owner's first impressions was that in this man he had an object of great value. He was just thinking this when there came one long blast from the donkey over the ridge and the men dropped their tools in their tracks, the two on the spring boards jumped down leaving the saw just where the call had caught it, far out on one side, and the foreman came up to him.

"Dinner time, Mr. Sandry," he said smiling, "I expect you're pretty hungry."

"What?" cried Sandry, "why, I hadn't thought of it! Is it possible we've been here five hours?"

"Sure. Time goes fast in the hills." They began to climb the trail, the men straggling out ahead and behind, the youngest forging forward in the eagerness of youth and healthy appetite, the older characters, all of them hardened woodsmen, taking it more leisurely.

Before they were half way up, however, Sandry was breathing heavily.

"Might I ask," said Daily "some thing about the change in the company?"

"Certainly. There has simply been an outright sale of the interests, all of



He Stood Silently Watching the Work Go Forward.

which, or nearly all, I bought from Dillingworth & Frazer. A lift, I believe, is still owned by a Mr. Rakeham, who is somewhere in South America. I have come out to take absolute charge and learn the timber business."

"I see. And you've had no experience?"

"None," said Sandry a little shortly. "Maryanna Humphrey!—but my feet is tender!" complained a voice behind. Sandry glanced quickly back. Three lumberjacks were plodding up the slope, their seamed and weathered faces set intently on dinner. On one, a red-headed chap of some thirty-six or eight, powerful and rugged, he set his sharp eyes.

"But I'm acquiring it," he finished. "Rapidly. Discharge that man."

Daily did not turn.

"I can't," he said, "he's just quit."

### CHAPTER IV.

Old Reins in New Hands. The East and the West had met. It was apparent in every essential that had to do with Sandry and his men in common.

It showed when he sat among them at the head of the long table, in the

now earth; they and their shrouds and their coffins. The caper and big tree have split their monuments and boys have broken the hazel out with the fragments. Emblems of past lives and future hopes, severed names which holiest rites united, broken letters of brief happiness, bestrew the road and speck to the passerby in vain.—Walter Savage Landor.

### Growing Industry.

This country produces more tale and soapstone than all the rest of the world combined. The domestic output has nearly doubled in the last decade and the comparatively unworked development of the industry indicates its stability and gives promise for continued increasing demand. Half of it is from New York, the balance evenly from Vermont and Virginia. Soapstone finds extensive use in commerce as slabs for hearthstones, mantels, sinks, etc., and when powdered as a pigment in paper making, as a lubricator for dressing skins and leather, etc. The granular or cryptocrystalline varieties are used for marking purposes under the name of French chalk.

way he used his hands, his knife and his food. It glared when he spoke, it paraded in his clothes, and most of all it stood forth pitilessly when he sat by himself at night in the plain little room under the dripping eaves. They were nearly always dripping the pane behind the spotless curtains was always black and glittering, there was nearly always the shut-in silence that rain imposes—that dense silence, its tain and toneless.

Sometimes, to be sure, it was only a little Oregon mist that saddened the night outside, but it had the same effect on the young man from the midwest of life in New York.

He was East and he knew it. Also the men had known it from that first speech in the doorway of the cook-shack. They spoke of him among themselves as "Dillingworth," accompanying the word with grins, tasting its flavor as delicately as any apocryphal professor of the East dallying with a new derivative.

Nowhere in the world is discernment brought to a finer point than in the lumber camps and mills of the Northwest, among that floating gentry of the pike and paavey, the knee-laced boot and the "turkey," who pass here and there with the seasons, picking critically at the speech and doings of many places.

Also, nowhere is there a stronger prejudice against any manifestation of personal superiority, any exploitation of what may lie east of the Cascades. To them the man and the place are one—East and Easterner.

They felt for him that contempt which only the seasoned feel for the inexperienced. And with the quickness which was his characteristic, the new owner sensed the feeling among them. It only added to that jumble of sensations and impressions which had crowded thick upon him from the first and which he had had no time to assort and get under control. He had simply laid them away for future attention.

In the meantime he went quickly at the work of settling himself in the new environment. A load of lumber was brought up the slough on the punt from the mill at Toledo and four men were put to building a small office. It was set at the edge of the slough, a bit below the cook-shack where it commanded from its two eastern windows and door the track, the reading donkey, the log-trail and the railway and from the southern one the winding slough, the rest of the track and the lower railway, where the donkey engine left the logs, its duty done. After that they rolled down with much splashing in the narrow ribbon of water which, with every flood tide backed in from the bay, lifted them high and trundled them grinding and groaning, slowly down, perhaps to the mill at Toledo, perhaps to be laced together with mammoth chains, built into a great raft and towed out to the ocean to voyage along the coast, down to southern California or up to Portland. A tiny, wheezy tug fussed about the backwater for the express purpose of starting the monster rafts out on the ebb.

Inside the new office were installed a roll-top desk, a case of books, a map or two and several chairs, beside a small stove. Here, with the four pine walls around him, Walter Sandry at last looked around and called himself at home. The drawers of the new desk were full of documents and memoranda, the history, with statistics and records down to the minutest detail of the Dillingworth Lumber company. These he set himself to master as his first step toward the vast golden goal of the dream that had brought him west.

Very shrewdly he decided to take nothing out of the capable hands of his foreman. There had been a sort of tense pause in the camp pending this development. When it became apparent that things were to go on as usual the work went forward as if a line had been loosed.

Big John Daily had gone about during the few days of uncertainty with the unruffled calm of his quiet nature, though there was a small, very small ache somewhere inside him. Ever since he could remember, his life had been cast in Daily's lumber camp—when his father, old John Daily, had logged with oxen on the eastern slopes of the Coast range and there was no Yorkwater railroad in to Yaquina bay.

When a 200-foot fir had tottered out of line and sent the old man forever into silence in the roaring thunder of its fall, the boy John, at seventeen, had picked up the reins of government

that that religion was not to be founded upon wealth or upon social caste, but upon the large, wholesome love of the human heart. Boaz is immortal among Bible heroes for his kindness, his plain, everyday generosity, his sense of protection and care for the lonely unprotected Moabitish girl, his dead kindness a wife who in her poverty gleaned in his harvest field after the reapers. Boaz gave order to his reapers that they should allow her to glean even among the sheaves of barley and by his largeness and kindness made a piece for himself in that immortal company who are remembered for naught but for being kind.—Caris Van Herold.

It was that the mingling of the blood of the Jew and Gentile symbol of the composition which of the Christian religion. It was the ago-

ty. Greener they two, the girl and the dog silent with a common consent like wild things of the woods, sought the wind-swept top of the great stump on the western ridge. Here Siletz looked down on the drooping slope and wondered of the cities and the sea. He had come from them both. She had never seen a man like him. His clothes were different. His speech was unlike. So were his hands, white and fine grained.

Always there had been no hand of power in the hills save his own, no supervision excepting the annual visits of some member of the firm who went over things, nodded, estimated, took figures and went away. He had carried on his camp himself fought since he could remember with the Yellow Pines company, whose holdings were vast as those of the Dillingworth, and had not thought of change.

When Walter Sandry settled quietly down with no voice in the doings of the camp, Daily drew a good breath and went ahead once more.

As for the new timber magnate, he sat down at the new desk on the first day of his occupancy of the little office on the slough's edge and wrote his first letter.

It was on a printed letterhead: Dillingworth Lumber Company, Toledo, Oregon.

Dear Dad: Excellent! I fancy I'm on top of the world! (Wish you could see here for an hour's chat. The country would amaze you as it has me with its mighty bigness. You feel like an atom crawling on the sea's floor—too small to count. The hills are like our beloved Catskills, only they are their wilder countess from the wilderness, unkempt and savage. There is wealth here. Dad, untold wealth and I intend to get a handful of it. The timber is unbounded. It reaches away to the Siletz reservation on the north—and on beyond. These Indians come into camp once in awhile. They bustle, a kind sort of people, farmers, not fighters. The stampage is magnificent. We are the company, though we have a rival, a formidable one, the Yellow Pines, which operates to the south of us. I have met none of their people as yet, but my foreman tells me there is, and always has been, bad blood between us.

Well, dear old chap, I must not worry you. Write me all the happenings that concern you there. Tell Higgins if he neglects one thing about me I will skin him alive when I come home for a fly-by-night trip.

I hope, sir, you are feeling comfortable and will go into the winter in good shape. When the spring comes on I believe we can bring you out here with comfort—the Pullman service is smooth as glass across the continent. And I know the trip would benefit you.

As he wrote these words the young man's bright blue eyes softened like a woman's and a grim line settled about his lips. He knew, on the word of the greatest specialist of two continents, that the dignified old gentleman to whom they were addressed, a white-haired gentleman with the finest bearing and the gentlest heart, died irrevocably to an invalid chair, had at the most but a scant year to live. Yet he wrote of hope and travel and returning health, wrote determinedly with a force that must communicate something of its light to the lonely wreck left by the tide of life stranded at the edge of that mighty, flowing stream, the metropolis.

He finished the letter with a commendation so tender, so indicative of a great affection, that it did not sound like a man's, a son's to a father—rather like a daughter's to an ailing mother, signed, sealed and stamped it, and sat for many minutes holding it in his hand staring hard with drawn brows at the yellow pine of the new walls. Again the faint shadow of sadness, of regret, flickered from the past across his features. Then he sighed, rose with his graceful quickness and straightened his shoulders. As he closed the desk and stepped from the office he felt that he had gathered up the reins of the new life.

### CHAPTER V.

Wild Blood and Horseflesh.

The fall drew on apace. Sometimes the austere gloom of the mighty country thrilled Sandry with a strange compelling; oftener it held him in a dripping window with a load of lead on his heart. He had no companions John Daily, easy, simple, suggesting tried force, was his only comfort. In him he found something vaguely fine, as the plain little stone at the bottom of clear waters takes on a certain simple beauty. They spent an occasional evening together in the little office, talking of the work, and the new owner asked and learned many things. Into the ample heart of white-haired Ma Daily Sandry had stepped that first night, wholly without intent.

"He speaks like a man," she opined decisively, "an' you mark my words he'll prove himself so, if his hands are white."

Of the girl Siletz he had scarcely taken a moment's notice. He did not even know that when she served him silently at the olivette covered table the two long braids were tied together at the nape of her neck so that by no chance could they fall against his hand. Neither did he know that the old Coonah watched him always with pale eyes. Of these two he knew less than of any others in camp with whom he had as much to do. As for the girl herself, she kept away from his view

that that religion was not to be founded upon wealth or upon social caste, but upon the large, wholesome love of the human heart. Boaz is immortal among Bible heroes for his kindness, his plain, everyday generosity, his sense of protection and care for the lonely unprotected Moabitish girl, his dead kindness a wife who in her poverty gleaned in his harvest field after the reapers. Boaz gave order to his reapers that they should allow her to glean even among the sheaves of barley and by his largeness and kindness made a piece for himself in that immortal company who are remembered for naught but for being kind.—Caris Van Herold.

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Also there was another of his possessions that she knew in every line and turn, Black Bolt, the splendid horse that stamped and whinnied with impatience in the lean-to behind the filling shed. She could no more let him alone than she could refrain from lying down to drink from a mountain rill. He called to her blood with irresistible force. Day after day she crept shyly to the lean-to and dreamed, watching the slope and the log-trail.

"Oh, you beauty!" she whispered with a soft hand on the arching neck. "Oh, you beauty of the world! God made you strong to serve and beautiful to be loved!"

And at that moment, on that particular day, Walter Sandry stepped into the doorway of the lean-to. At his foot on the sill the girl whirled upon him, her dark eyes wide with fright and confusion.

"I—I—" she stammered like a child. Sandry looked at her for the first time keenly.

"You are fond of the horse?" he asked.

But her tongue clove suddenly to the roof of her mouth and one of the inherent silences that sometimes fall upon her shut her lips.

She dropped her eyes, twisted her fingers in Black Bolt's mane, and then



Looked Around and Called Himself at Home.

with a gliding motion, soft-footed and swift, went past him, running toward the cook-shack.

The incident was nothing in itself, but it set the man thinking of her. He had seen adoration in the eyes she bent on the splendid animal, heard it in the words stilted and incongruous.

"Queer youngster," said Sandry to himself.

That night after supper he came out, contrary to his custom, from the little south room with its patchwork quilts, his crocheted mat and its antique Bible, into the big eating room.

He found Ma Daily rocking in the little chair, her tired old hands lying comfortably on her slanting lap. The wall lamps in their reflectors silvered her white hair exquisitely and brought out softly the thousand kindly creases on her ruddy face.

On the end of the bench drawn up to the stand Siletz was sitting, weaving a mat of long grasses, and her fingers were deft as an Indian's.

Behind her on the bench lay Coonah, head on paws, eyes blinking sleepily.

"Come in, Mr. Sandry," said the old lady in her rich voice. "Draw up a chair. We're restin'."

He sat down and bent a smile as brilliant as his blue eyes on this hardy old mother of the wilderness. From the first he had felt her personality, though he had no time to pay more than a passing attention to it.

"I should think you'd need it," he said. "How do you manage to keep up the stroke?"

"Law bless you!" she laughed easily, "I'm trained to it. I've cooked in camp, young man, for forty-two year straight ahead."

"Then you've seen the growth of the country the coming of railroads, the making of towns."

"Right from the bottom up. Seen 'em grow from three cabins an' a covered wagon."

"You've witnessed the throats of the world on this fine timber, too?"

"Yes, an' it ain't tached yet. I've seen it cut up over the Range an' down this side, an' they's double stumpage for every acre that's been cut, between here'n the coast."

### Nourish Your Nerves.

People of a nervous disposition need a nourishing, nerve building diet. Eggs served in various ways, milk, cereals, etc., should be a standard part of the diet. Be careful of a lavish use of tomatoes or red meats. Supply your table with quantities of fruit and fresh vegetables and serve bran bread or oatmeal frequently. Should you have a tendency to obesity be careful to avoid an excess of starch and sweets. Consult your physician about any special tendency that you know your family or any member of it to possess and, guided by his advice, eliminate such foods as might be harmful. In instances where there is no special disposition or hereditary tendency to be considered let common sense guide you, read up on dietetics and keep your table free from unwholesome combinations and indigestible foods you will not only study an interesting one, but beware of fads. A diet must be varied to be wholesome, and it is better to use spices and condiments in moderation than to let your table lack flavor from overuse in leaving out everything that is not pre-eminently wholesome.

# Women Once Invalids

## Now in Good Health Through Use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Say it is Household Necessity. Doctor Called it a Miracle.

All women ought to know the wonderful effects of taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound even on those who seem hopelessly ill. Here are three actual cases:



Harrisburg, Penn.—"When I was single I suffered a great deal from female weakness because my work compelled me to stand all day. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for that and was made stronger by its use. After I was married I took the Compound again for a female trouble and after three months I passed what the doctor called a growth. He said it was a miracle that it came away as one generally goes under the knife to have them removed. I never want to be without your Compound in the house."—Mrs. FRANK KNOLL, 1022 Fulton St., Harrisburg, Penn.

### Hardly Able to Move.

Albert Lea, Minn.—"For about a year I had sharp pains across my back and hips and was hardly able to move around the house. My head would ache and I was dizzy and had no appetite. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, I am feeling stronger than for years. I have a little boy eight months old and am doing my work all alone. I would not be without your remedies in the house as there are none like them."—Mrs. F. E. YOST, 611 Water St., Albert Lea, Minn.

### Three Doctors Gave Her Up.

Pittsburg, Penn.—"Your medicine has helped me wonderfully. When I was a girl 18 years old I was always sickly and delicate and suffered from irregularities. Three doctors gave me up and said I would go into consumption. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and with the third bottle began to feel better. I soon became regular and I got strong and shortly after I was married. Now I have two nice stout healthy children and am able to work hard every day."—Mrs. CLEMENTINA DUKAKIS, 34 Gardner St., Troy Hill, Pittsburg, Penn.



All women are invited to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for special advice. It will be confidential.

About every ten years an old joke is given a new lease of life.

Throw Off Colds and Prevent Grip. When you feel a cold coming on, take LAXA, FIVE BRANDY QUININE. It removes cause of Colds and Grip. Only One BRANDY QUININE. It is W. G. GROVE'S signature on box etc.

The road to success is shy of rapid transit facilities.

KIDNEYS CLOG UP FROM EATING TOO MUCH MEAT

Take Tablespoonful of Salts if Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers—Meat Forms Uric Acid.

We are a nation of meat eaters and our blood is filled with uric acid, says a well-known authority, who warns us to be constantly on guard against kidney trouble.

The kidneys do their utmost to free the blood of this irritating acid, but become weak from the overwork; they get sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and thus the waste is retained in the blood to poison the entire system.

When your kidneys ache and feel like lumps of lead, and you have stinging pains in the back or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment, or the bladder is irritable, obliging you to seek relief during the night; when you have severe headaches, nervous and dizzy spells, sleeplessness, acid stomach or rheumatism in bad weather, get your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning and in a few days your kidneys will act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys, to neutralize the acids in urine so it is no longer a source of irritation, thus ending urinary and bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, and nobody can make a mistake by taking a little occasionally to keep the kidneys clean and active.—Adv.

Way of the Law.

Prison Visitor—What terrible crime has this man committed?

Jailer—He has done nothing. He merely happened to be passing when Tough Jim tried to kill a man, and he is being held as a witness.

Visitor—Where is Tough Jim?

Jailer—He is out on bail.

The downhearted man should cheer up; the chances are his wife isn't a mind reader.

The Prince of Wales is president of the naval and military war pensions committee.

To Build Up After Grippe, Colds Bad Blood

Take a blood cleanser and alternative that starts the liver and stomach into vigorous action, called Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery because of one of its principal ingredients—the Golden Seal plant. It assists the body to manufacture rich red blood which feeds the heart—nerves—brain and organs of the body. The organs work smoothly like machinery running in oil. You feel clean, strong and strenuous. Buy "Medical Discovery" to day and in a few days you will know that the bad blood is passing out, and new, rich, pure blood is filling your veins and arteries.

Its Meaning. "Is there anything in that cipher?" "Well, it probably was not devised merely for naught."

# MOTHER! LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE

If cross, feverish, constipated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

A laxative today saves a sick child tomorrow. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become clogged up with waste, liver gets sluggish; stomach aches.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, or your child is listless, cross, feverish, breath bad, restless, doesn't eat heartily, full of cold or has sore throat or any other children's ailment, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," then don't worry, because it is perfectly harmless, and in a few hours all this constipation poison, sour bile and fermenting waste will gently move out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. A thorough "inside cleansing" is oftentimes all that is necessary. It should be the first treatment given in any sickness.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

In Local Shipping Circles.

Parker—What is your friend Omar doing?

Jeiny—Operating a line of school-ers.

Parker—Between what points?

Jeiny—The bar and his mouth.

People who always say what they think have but few friends.

INVENTORS opportunity to invest \$10 to \$1,000 in gains, conservative business, corporation, good dividends unlimited Joseph Roberts, 311 North Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

# A Cold Proposition

When you are wheezing and sneezing, coughing and hawking, you're facing a cold proposition. Handle it right. Hales Honey of Horehound and Tar quickly relieves bad colds. All druggists, 25c. a bottle.

Try Fike's Toothache Drops

# BACKACHE, LUMBAGO

Uric acid causes backache, pains here and there, rheumatism, gout, gravel, neuralgia and sciatica. It was Dr. Pierce who discovered a new agent, called "Anuric," which will throw out and completely eradicate this uric acid from the system. "Anuric" is 37 times more potent than lithia, and consequently you need no longer fear muscular or articular rheumatism or gout, or many other diseases which are dependent on uric acid within the body. If you feel that tired, worn-out feeling, backache, neuralgia or if your sleep is disturbed by too frequent urination, go to your best drug store and ask for Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets, full treatment 50c. or "Anuric" Tablets to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

### ADD TO BEAUTY OF EARTH

Writer's Tribute to the Tree is Worthy of Remembrance Throughout the Ages.

Oh! Don Peppino, old trees in their living state are the only things that money cannot command. Rivers leave their beds, run into cities and traverse mountains for it, obelisks and arches palaces and temples, amphitheaters and pyramids rise up like emanations at its bidding; even the spirit of man, the only thing great on earth, craves and covers in its presence— it passes away and vanishes before venerable trees. How many fountains and low many lively thoughts have been nurtured under this tree! How many kind hearts have been here! Its branches are not so numerous as the couples they have invited to sit beside it, nor its blossoms and leaves together as the expressions of tenderness it has witnessed. What appeals to the pure, air-borne heavens! what simulates to the everlasting mountains! what protestations of eternal truth and constancy—from those who are

### WORTHY OF STUDY BY ALL

Lessons Taught in the Book of Ruth Should Find Comprehension in Every Mind.

The Book of Ruth is the greatest pastoral idyll in literature. It is renowned for its kindness, the loving kindness of the Moabitess revealed to her family, and the loving kindness of Boaz, the wealthy Israelite, to Ruth, his kinwoman. It also contains the germ of that great Hebrew epics which is the center of the gospel of Christian love.